

the Longmans, Green Company, and were used as reference books in the University of Vienna. Orson Spencer was an early-day educator, and his writings on theology and philosophy were very scholarly. Among the hymn-writers of that early time was John Jaques, who wrote "Oh Say What Is Truth." It is a poetic gem, and stands in a class by itself.

Sarah Carmichael.—Among the writers of the early days Sarah Carmichael takes, undoubtedly, first rank. She was born in a small town in the State of New York in 1838, and came to Utah with her parents in 1852. We know little concerning her life as a girl. She may have attended the school of the ward where she lived in Salt Lake City. Miss Mary Cook, who in the early seventies was an instructor in the University of Deseret, gave private lessons to Sarah Carmichael, and for a while she attended the little school taught by Mrs. Camilla Cobb. We know that she attended many of the social functions at the Social Hall, but, being of a retiring nature, she was not widely known. Many of her poems appeared in the *Deseret News*, and they attracted wide attention. In 1868 Miss Carmichael married Doctor Josiah Williamson, who had come to Fort Douglas with General Conner in 1862. Within a short time after their marriage the gifted poet went into seclusion because of illness. Doctor Williamson died in 1882, but fortunately left sufficient funds for his wife to live comfortably on. Sarah Carmichael Williamson died November 10, 1901. Among the most noted of her poems are "Wild Wood Blossoms," "The Stolen Sunbeam," "Moonrise on the Wasatch," "April Flowers," "The Flag at Sumter," "The Patriot Dead," and "President Lincoln's Funeral," which some have compared with Walt Whitman's "Captain, My Captain." William Cullen Bryant in some manner obtained "The Stolen Sunbeam," and placed it in his volume of poems, "A Library

of Poetry and Song." In the *Deseret News* for March 18, 1863, we find Miss Carmichael's poem "Homespun and Velvet," and I quote it in full, for it is one of her simplest and sweetest productions:

"Lady Alice, robed in velvet,
Scarcely deigned to fling a glance
On the dress of home-wove cotton
Flitting through the rustic dance;
Yet the diamond on her bosom,
Did not give a hundredth part
Of the tintless light that started
From the depth of Marian's heart.

Lady Alice, orange blossoms
Rested on her raven curls;
And upon her pale brown forehead
Slept a mist of lace and pearls;
Yet the sweet blush tinted rose leaves,
That the morning pushed apart,
Knew they had a sunnier pillow
Near the smile of Marian's heart.

Lady Alice, sable velvet,
Nodding plumes and solemn tread,
Was the stately grief that bore her
To the slumber of the dead.
But the few pale earnest mourners,
Wore their sable in the breast,
That were gathered round the pillow,
Smoothed for Marian's dreamless rest.

Lady Alice, gleaming marble,
Stood beside her tomb and told
That the dust was all patrician
Clasped within its parian fold;
There's a low grave in the valley,
A sweet brow beneath the sod;
But the hearts it blessed speak only
Of an angel gone to God."